Trope: From Sex To Love (Valhalla Enchanted)

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/10143266.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Valhalla Rising, Ella Enchanted (2004), Hannibal Extended Universe - Fandom
Relationship:	Prince Charmont/One Eye (Valhalla Rising)
Characters:	Prince Charmont, One Eye (Valhalla Rising)
Additional Tags:	Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Alpha/Omega, Omega Verse, Tropes, From Sex to Love, Arranged Marriage, surrogate alpha, Mating Cycles/In Heat, Explicit Sexual Content, Getting to Know Each Other, Some angst, Not too much, i think, Mpreg, Valhalla Enchanted, Happy Ending, Fairy Tale Elements, Hannibal Extended Universe, Podfic Welcome, do not copy to another site, can be read as traditional or multi-sex omega
Language:	English
Series:	Part 11 of Trope Trope: Exploring fic tropes in an Omegaverse setting, Part 44 of ABO/Omegaverse Fics by TigerPrawn, Part 73 of Tiger's Mads x Hugh Rare Pair fics
Stats:	Published: 2017-03-06 Completed: 2017-03-11 Words: 14,355 Chapters: 6/6

Trope: From Sex To Love (Valhalla Enchanted)

by TigerPrawn

Summary

In a land where alphas and omegas are rare, the omega prince Charmont is in need of an alpha to see him through heat until his betrothed arrives from a distant kingdom. The recently freed slave one-eyed mute is just hideous enough to be the perfect temporary alpha to service the prince. Falling in love is the last thing anyone wants.

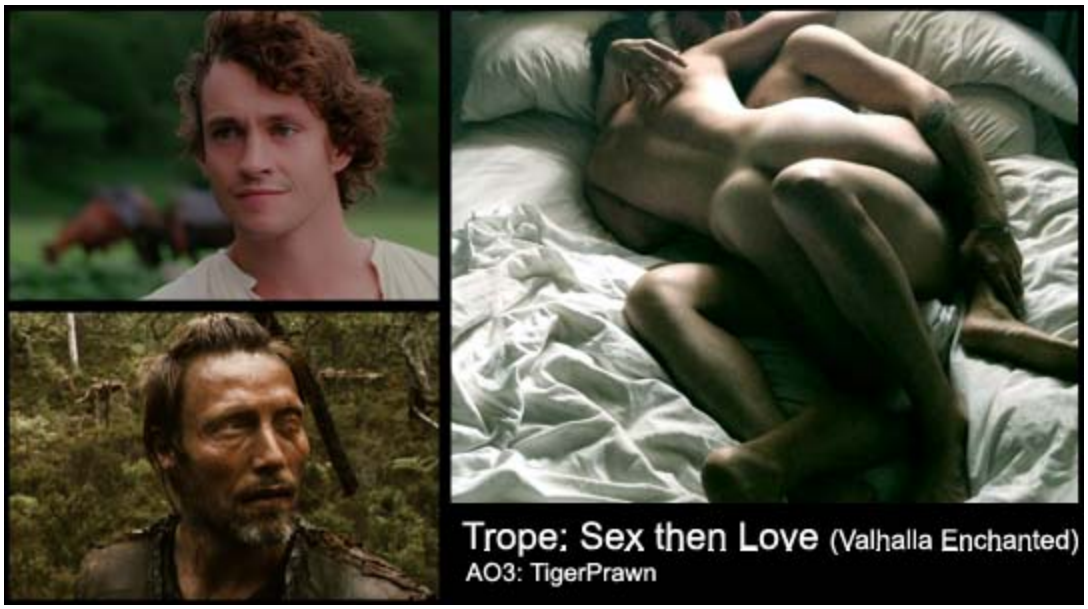
Notes

For Grannpappy and her #Valhalla Enchanted Week

Beta’d by the amazing Victorine - thanks lovely <3

I know this sort of trope is normally a one night stand sort of situation... but yeah it's rare if my trope fics don't become somewhat tangential...

Pre-Heat



“I have put my faith in you on this delicate matter. I hope that faith has not been misplaced.”

“No, Sir Edgar. Not at all. I've been very discreet. Found exactly what the prince needs.”

The door opened but One Eye didn't look up to see who the voices belonged to. It didn't matter, he could not refuse the job. When he had escaped from his cage and captors, from the life of aggression they had forced him into, he had found himself in this land. He was free at last, but with freedom came the hunger and the cold. He needed to make money and as an alpha there were options available to him in a place such as this. This kingdom had few omegas and even fewer alphas, and most of them nobility, those who could pay. He had not thought of pride, only of hunger when he had taken work in the heat house. For three months he had become the favourite of a Lady Suzette before her husband returned from his travels. It had been quiet then. Where she had admired his build and the exotic story spun by his employer, others were repulsed by his hard look - his scars, his missing eye. He was sure he would be set out again until the strange little servant had arrived from the palace looking for an impossible combination of repulsion and discretion. There were few as repulsive and discreet as the one eyed mute.

And so now he sat to learn his fate. Perhaps a young lady or lord whose mate was away from court.

“Oh but he is an ugly beast, perfect!” The man he had heard referred to as Sir Edgar seemed pleased. He was used to being spoken about as though not present, and yet he found he disliked this man for it - his tone, his manner. “Perfect indeed, we wouldn't want anyone for the prince that he might come to want. A shame his fertile heat has come before his intended has arrived and betrothal sealed. Leave us.”

The alpha looked up then, unsure if it were he that was being asked to leave. This was not the case, it seemed, as the servant left the room and he met Edgar's sneering gaze.

"Now listen here beast, you are to service the prince. I understand you are mute so discretion will be ensured, this pleases me. When his betrothed arrives and the prince is crowned and wed, we would prefer that it is believed Char is a virgin. It is what they expect and we will give them nothing less. The kingdom of his intended does not abide our practice of surrogates. He must believe Char suffered his heats alone. If you are anything less than discreet it will mean your head."

Edgar was pulling on gloves as he spoke, a smug look on his face as he took the alpha in.

"Yes. I think I'll be quite pleased to introduce you to the young prince." The words were snarled out before the man swept from the room.

*

"But… he's…" Char tried to find a word that wasn't as insulting as 'hideous' but failed and so said no more, especially given that the man in question was stood only a few feet from him.

"Dear boy!" His uncle put his arm around his shoulder. "He is a beast of a man, true. But discreet, and there are few alphas to choose from. I am assured he will service you well."

Char felt his cheeks burn at his uncle's open reference to his oncoming heat. His first fertile heat, an alpha was required even if a pregnancy wasn't desired. It would take more than knotting toys to get an omega through without them losing their minds. He needed the weight, the scent, an actual alpha. This actual alpha that his uncle had chosen. He would need the alpha each heat until his intended arrived for him.

He looked at the alpha and understood his uncle's choice. Ugly alphas were often preferred - he'd read the fairy tales, stories of undeniable attraction between alphas and omegas. When using a surrogate like this, a physical attraction was discouraged for fear of a deeper bond developing.

Char frowned as he studied the alpha, there certainly was no risk of attraction - a beast, as his uncle had said.

"Well, he is at your disposal when the time comes." Edgar grinned and Char blushed again.

Char nodded - "Yes uncle… you're in charge, I'm sure you know best." He was still staring at the alpha who looked up then, their eyes meeting for the first time. One eye only, the other just scarring, but the eye that bore into him so intently was deep and warm and made Char's breath catch. He nodded again at his uncle and left the room.

*

The alpha was shown to a basic room near to the family rooms. Of course he wouldn't be with the other servants, he would need to be close enough to the prince for him to be

summoned at a moment's notice. Until then he would wait. He was left to roam of his own accord as long as he didn't leave the grounds and was close enough to the prince should he need him.

After a week he started to pick up on the scent of the omega, his heat was drawing close.

On the arrival of each morning the alpha would rise and go to the orchard. He wanted to make the most of the daylight and fresh air before being locked away for days on end with the omega.

The beautiful omega.

The thought made him shudder a little as he sat on the ground and leaned back against a tree. He'd never had anything beautiful in his life, one such as he did not deserve beauty. The Lady Suzette had been sweet but plain, and thought of him as no more than a favourite toy and he was glad of it. He hoped this boy used him the same, he wasn't sure he could handle gentle tenderness from such beauty. He smiled to himself, there was no fear of that he was sure.

"Can… Can I sit here?" The prince stood before him - looking at him nervously. He stared at the boy for a long moment before giving a curt nod. He had scented the boy's approach but had not anticipated he would stop and talk.

The omega hesitated and then sat, much closer than the alpha had expected.

"I'm sorry… I… It's close and… um…" The prince blushed and looked down at the ground, playing idly with some blades of grass. "I feel better when I'm close to you."

The alpha nodded and understood. His scent was what the omega meant - it would be reassuring for him to have the scent of an alpha close at this time.

He closed his eye and leaned back, trying to relax and enjoy the air despite the omega's scent so close - the way it was sweetening and growing stronger. He felt arousal pool within him, just the first stirrings of what was to come.

"So… um, you're not from this kingdom." It was a statement not a question but even so the alpha shook his head without opening his eye. "And… you can't speak."

He opened his eye and let it fall coldly on the prince. The young man let out a nervous laugh and then, without noticing that he had done so, he edged slightly closer to the alpha. He breathed and drew in the scent of the prince on the verge of heat.

The prince moved closer again and said - "I… I don't know what to do. When the time comes. I mean, I know… I just, how do we… do I just knock on your door, or…" he trailed off and cleared his throat, looking away. "My uncle told me to use you as I might an object."

The alpha gave a curt nod at that. Permission, if it were needed. It would be easier that way. The prince nodded in return and got to his feet, brushing grass from his trousers. The prince swallowed thickly and looked down at him before adding -

“I will try my best… I know my uncle chose you because he thinks you are too ugly to love, but… that doesn’t mean I can’t feel compassion and treat you like more than an animal.”

The alpha was surprised by the boy’s words. If he had a tongue he might have corrected him that acting as animals was all that lay ahead of them during the days of his upcoming heat. As it was he just gave the same curt nod and the prince forced himself to walk away.

The First Heat

Chapter Summary

Char enters his first fertile heat and his service alpha is there to step in.

Char felt like he was burning up. Was it because it should be his first fertile heat or was it because there was an alpha around? He wasn't sure, but it had never felt like this before. The physical symptoms were the same but they came with a more ardent, clawing desperation.

He felt stupid. The alpha had been occupying his thoughts. Or not so much him but the idea of him, of what was to come. And the scent of him. It was overwhelming and seemed to permeate everything and yet he wanted more. He found himself increasingly seeking the alpha out.

He had to admit he was curious about the one eyed man. As curious as he would be of anyone at court who bore such scars and was unable to speak. He found himself holding back though, where in the past he might have been forthright. Even demanding of information as a prince might easily be. He knew that no matter what, the alpha was being paid enough that he was unlikely to leave, but as the days wore on he was terrified of doing anything that might drive the alpha away.

He could feel his heat now, boiling below the surface. It would be a day or two before it was on him and he found himself both anxious and anticipatory. He could already feel this heat would be like no other, unsure what to expect in terms of his own biology. But also it would be his first with an alpha and the thought both terrified and titillated.

*

A few days after their talk in the orchard, the omega knocked on his door. The alpha had waited, assuming he might feel more comfortable that way the first time at least. And shaking, skin beaded with sweat, the boy had knocked. When the alpha opened the door he pulled the omega to him and lifted him easily, carrying him back to his own chambers. Char hugged into him and pressed his nose to the scent glands - whimpering and squirming when the alpha set him down before his own door. But he needed the prince to open it and let him in, he needed to know that the prince wanted this. It was his choice, not his uncle’s. If he wanted to spend it alone, or find a different alpha, that was his choice.

Even so, he wasn’t surprised when Char opened the door with a shaky hand and then pulled him inside. In the very short time they had been around each other, the prince had taken to seeking him out to speak with, or just to be near for his own comfort. By now his scent was probably having a very calming effect on the young man, which in turn aroused him a little - the idea of being a good alpha for someone always did.

“Please alpha.” The groan was little more than a whisper as the prince looked up through lowered lashes and backed towards the bed, drawing the alpha along with him. “I need you.”

He managed a low rumble from deep in his throat, one of the few sounds he could make but he was glad of it - to have been robbed of it would have made him feel less alpha. And the prince’s responding and instinctive purr, reminded him in that moment of exactly why.

His arousal had already stirred but he thickened instantly at the sound of the purr. His breathing was unsteady as he tried to keep control. It was all he could do not to tear the billowing shirt and leather pants off the omega. He had never felt out of control like this before. At the heat house the omegas had arrived at the beginning of their heat. Never before had he been exposed to day upon day of the slowly building scent. The most precious honeyed sweetness filling the air around him for what had begun to feel like an eternity.

“I want you…” Maybe the prince understood his need to be certain that the omega wanted this, but even so the words shook him a little. No one had ever said they wanted him before.

The prince was fidgeting, his skin glistening with sweat, teeth worrying his lower lip as the symptoms of his heat heightened and he waited for the alpha to sate them. Both were panting as he reached his hands up and untucked Char’s shirt and pulled it off over his head - damp pale skin revealed. The omega shivered at his touch as his fingers brushed flesh just above the waistband of the trousers he had started to unfasten.

He held himself steady. Inside him instinct was swirling to the surface and encouraging him to take the omega. But as he watched the prince tremble he was constantly reminded this was his first time with an alpha. He found himself wanting to make it nice for Char, comfortable and enjoyable. But he tried to push that down - he was just here to service. The omega didn’t need or want him - just his knot.

He could still be gentle with this soft thing though, he decided as he let his fingers lightly skim smooth skin.

The prince purred again and the alpha’s responding low growl was as involuntary as before. He knew that if he had a tongue he would be muttering words about the omega’s beauty and his own desires. Perhaps it was best he could not speak.

In place of words he let his actions speak, reverently undressing the omega until he stood naked and shaking before him. His skin was slick with sweat and he had the look of discomfort that the alpha knew only hinted at how difficult it was becoming for the prince. Had he more experience with an alpha, he might have tried to take what he wanted - that much was clear from the desperate look in his eyes.

As it was, he was young and inexperienced. It made the alpha’s heart ache a little, but it was easy to ignore that. He had ignored any and all of his own feelings for years, ignoring the feelings of others was all too easy. Even so, he was no monster - this wasn’t just sex. This was a service to an omega in heat and he would give the care and comfort that the prince required from an alpha.

To that end he was quick in removing his own clothing, allowing himself to lightly pump his cock, bringing it quickly to full hardness. Char looked conflicted - eager and needy, but there was clearly some anxiety there as he took in the scent of the alpha's arousal.

Unable to gentle him with words, he did so with actions - moving forward and cupping the boy's face, angling it up to look in his one eye. He watched as the omega took in the calm there and grew more peaceful. When he tried to reach up to kiss the alpha, he pushed him back and instead dragged his lips over the omega's throat, making him cry out. In the heat house it was forbidden to kiss, and though the omega's lips were tempting, he thought it best to keep that rule.

The prince's keening turned to whimpers as he moved his lips over the dew damp skin. His hands finding narrow hips and pulling them against his own. He rocked the boy there for a moment, letting their hard lengths rub together. The whimpers turned quickly to whines and the alpha was surprised - even jumped a little - at the shock of the prince's hand on his cock. It was briefly tentative but then it took hold of him, skimming along until it reached his slightly inflated knot. That drew a groan from the prince and he released the word -

"Please…" on a long drawn out breath.

Days they would do this. The servants would tend them with food and drink, perhaps they might bring a tub and the alpha would help bathe the exhausted omega. But this was how it would start - and he knew it would be burned into his brain. Every touch, the taste of salty skin.

He moved them to the bed, guiding the omega gently down. He stroked a tender hand over the prince's skin and tried to guide him onto his front - his instinct to present would do the rest and make up for his inexperience. But the prince did not go, instead he pushed the alpha up - fingers curling in the hair on his chest and looking anxious. He was clearly struggling with the growing heat over his skin, the raging desire that would take hold within him - the alpha was impressed at his resilience.

He hid his surprise again when the omega asked if he could remain as they were - "I know I'm supposed to… present." He seemed to hesitate over the word. "Part of me wants to but… I'd rather… I want to see your face. Is that ok?"

The alpha frowned but gave a curt nod at the odd request. This prince was no delicate omega from folk tales, but this was not something he had expected and he was unsure how to feel about it.

The easiest way was the simplest - remain detached and just give the omega what he needed. He continued to mouth at the flesh before him and move his fingers lightly over skin in gentling motions. He could feel the prince relaxing, scent both his growing arousal and deepening into heat. It made the room feel perfectly oppressive.

Between panting, the prince purred. Each time drawing something tight within the alpha until he was unable to think of anything other than this omega's heat and his own part in it. He wasn't even sure when he had entered the boy until they rocked together with Prince Char clutching at him and making noises of sated pleasure.

“Please alpha…” the omega pleaded, wrapping his legs around the alpha’s waist and trying to draw him deeper. The alpha made a noise that would have once been a groan, but it was clearly understood and the omega’s breath hitched with anticipation.

That was the first point he realised quite how tight the prince was - he wondered if his knot would hurt him. But the pleading and whines continued until he was thrusting hard and deep. The prince cried out when his knot pushed passed his rim and trapped the alpha within him.

Prince Char’s fingers dug deep into the flesh of his shoulders, and he pressed the boy deeper into the bed, his cock now trapped firmly between them as they rocked. He felt his knot fully inflate - the tightness making his vision blacken for a moment until the pleasure slammed into him. He came hard in the omega but continued his shallow thrusts - hearing the whimpers as he knew he rubbed over and over the omega’s pleasure centre with each thrust. A moment later the prince cried out and spilled between them, slicking their skin. The tightening around him pulled another orgasm from him and he could feel his hot cum filling the omega.

The thought had him cumming again as the omega continued to clutch at him.

They held each other for long minutes, until he felt the prince calm and he felt his knot start to deflate. They would find peace now, he knew, for a short while. But soon his knot would be needed again, with more and more urgency until the omega had taken from him all the seed he could give. The thought made his skin prickle.

*

Char felt different. He couldn’t say how, but just… not the same as before. In some small ways that added up to something more significant. He didn’t mention it of course. Let the alpha silently leave when his heat and their necessary time together time passed.

And yet, he couldn’t stop thinking about him. More so than before - because he had to admit that the alpha had played on his curious mind. Although he fondly remembered the days of his heat here and there, it was more than that. He missed his weight, his scent. He wanted to know what the alpha was doing, what interested him. He knew it was only because they had shared his heat together, nothing more. But every time he saw the alpha going into the orchard or to the library, he wanted to follow and see what he did there. He resisted most times until a little over two weeks had passed and the separation he had from this person who lived so close was unbearable.

He saw the alpha enter the library from the end of the hall and made his way down. By the time he too was in the library, he couldn’t immediately see the man. He discovered he could scent exactly where the alpha was, but that fact felt suddenly intrusive, and so he wandered amongst the shelving for a few minutes before happening upon him. The look the alpha gave him was one of - *you took your time, I scented you a mile off.*

He was browsing a shelf of books about neighbouring kingdoms and already had one book under his arm - a book of history of the local lands.

“Hello,” Char said awkwardly and the alpha’s face didn’t change. “I, uh… I had a thought. Perhaps we should keep each other’s company somewhere other than the bed chamber? If we are to be bedfellows for some months, then it might be more… polite? I think I would prefer that if it is acceptable to you?”

The alpha considered him for a long moment, his eye roaming over him as though he was trying to work something out, but then he gave a curt nod.

Char nodded in return and smiled. He stood awkwardly for a moment before turning to leave. Little could he imagine that his days would soon be filled with reading histories, eating apples in the sun, conversing passionately about diverse subjects through only hand gestures, chalk sketches and smiles.

The Second Heat

Chapter Summary

The alpha and omega become closer as Sir Edgar hatches plots.

“Oh, yes… please… knot me…” Char cried into the pillow as the alpha fucked into him from behind, pressing him facedown into the bed. Two days into his heat and he was desperate to be knotted despite having lost count of the number of times he already had been.

The almost three months since his last heat had been chaste, as was proper. But with the memories of being knotted over and over coming to him at the most inappropriate of times, Char had found himself looking forward to his heat for the first time in his life.

His first heat had been more tender. The alpha had clearly been trying to be gentle with him, which he appreciated more than he could say. But now he knew the touch of an alpha and gentle was not what he wanted.

“Harder please…” he whined out the words as he clutched at the sheets and pillow. The alpha obliged, fucking him hard into the bed as Char cried out with the pleasure of each thrust. When the alpha’s knot pushed inside him and began to swell, he came untouched - as always. He felt the alpha cum inside him and was hit by a second, unexpected wave of pleasure that drew something like a grunt from the alpha.

It was a few more minutes before they had both ridden out the waves of their mutual pleasure and lay sated together.

At first he had preferred to face the alpha - to have him as more than an object, to see him as human and not a beast. But he had quickly grown to prefer presenting to this alpha. Ridiculously for conflicting reasons - when they had faced each other there was too much in the alpha’s face to take in. His care and concern was so obvious that it made Char uncomfortable at the thought that he was only his service alpha and not his betrothed. Facing each other and seeing any and all emotions was surely only meant for one’s bonded mate? And yet… he loved presenting, because whilst they waited out his knot, the alpha would spoon behind him and wrap him in strong arms and breathe gently against his neck. Tickling over his the flesh of his scent glands - tantalisingly brushing over the skin where an alpha should sink his teeth.

*

The alpha watched as the prince rode out. An uprising of giants had been put down by the army and Char had convinced his uncle to allow him to attend the situation. To make peace,

as his father Florian had. He had imagined Edgar's sneer as he allowed it. Perhaps it was lucky for that man that he was mute.

Nearly a week had passed since their second heat together and life was resettling once more. The days following the heats were strange, perhaps for them both - he wasn't sure. For a few days it felt wrong to be parted. His alpha instincts told him he should remain with the omega - tend him and care for him to ensure he was comfortable should the mating have been successful. But that wasn't meant for him, this was service and no more. The mating would not be successful, of course, but the instinct was there nonetheless.

He moved from the courtyard to the orchard and sat down, taking from his pocket the small piece of slate and chalk Char had given him after their first heat together. He had sketched a lot. He hadn't been sure at first if he could write, but found that it came back to him. He must have learned as a child. Before.

Before the fighting, before the cage. He had been in there so long he remembered nothing else. In his dreams he sometimes knew soft green fields and great stone walls. In his nightmares they were charred and fallen.

He scrawled some letters on the slate and studied them. Maybe they had been his name once, he wasn't entirely sure. He scrubbed them out and lay the slate down. It didn't matter, not for now. Not whilst he was to service the prince - for that he was merely alpha. He needed no name.

He was in his chambers when Char arrived home in the evening. He heard the horses being stabled and made his way to the library - it wasn't appropriate to be in each other's rooms outside of Char's heat but he wanted to see him. He knew he shouldn't. Really, he shouldn't care if they remained separate for the two months or so between heats. And yet he had come to enjoy the sweet boy's company. He couldn't remember the last time anyone had just sat and had anything resembling a conversation with him. But they managed to discuss history and traditions, law, folklore, botany - or at least something akin to that as they gorged on ripened apples.

Perhaps that would be more proper - full confinement. But that didn't seem to be the practice and it was clear Char benefitted from his presence beyond his heat. He gave the boy a confidence different to that which he had had before. His presence tempered that confidence into reasoning. Certainly he had the impression that the prince was more self aware with him around. Took more notice. The alpha couldn't imagine Edgar was thankful for it.

When the omega found him, his heart ached. The boy looked troubled - sad and hurt. He wanted to go to him, to comfort his omega. But he wasn't his. He held back and was unsurprised when the prince stopped before him despite looking as though he wanted to fall into his arms.

"The giants they… he has them enslaved. The uprising was for their freedom. I…" he shook his head looking unbelievably sad. "I didn't know."

The alpha took in and released a deep breath, pushing down his own instincts to comfort and protect.

The prince mirrored this - centering himself with a calming breath before continuing - anger now edging his tone. “I have been blind. When my father died at the hands of an ogre, my uncle exiled all non-magical creatures to the forest. He had me believe that this action would prevent war and keep the kingdom safe. But now I find he has kept their lands and even has them toil - enslaved to harvest their own crops for my crown.”

The prince slammed his fist into the side of a bookcase and the alpha was glad the many books muffled the sound. He must have caught his worried look because the omega then sighed and softened. He had lost friends - fairies and elves - to the banishment and yet he had believed his uncle so fully in his grief over his father.

“I just… you were a slave once?” he asked though he must already know the answer. The alpha replied with a curt nod which drew another sigh from the prince. “I… I can't allow it. But what can I do? I cannot take the throne as an omega, not until I am married and my alpha takes it for me.”

He looked like he was making a realisation then and the alpha waited for the explanation - which came out quick and angry. “But he means for me to go to the kingdom of Njord, my betrothed. Edgar means to keep my throne.” The last came out in a choked sob and the prince sank to the floor, back against the bookcase. “And I have no way to stop him.”

The alpha frowned. He had read so much about this kingdom that he knew well enough the omega was right.

“Perhaps my betrothed will fight this? He might put his own regent here?” The tone was only half hopeful and the alpha was sure it was because the prince would want to stay and ensure the protection of this Kingdom and its people himself, if that option were available.

The alpha tried to look comforting as he shrugged, another sigh coming in response. He had read about Njord’s Kingdom as well, such a possibility seemed unlikely given their insular traditions.

He was glad of his silence then, he didn’t want to hurt Char with the truth.

*

He was in the orchard, leaning against *their* tree. The one that the alpha had taken to sitting against in the afternoons from the time he had arrived. The tree Char would sit with him at when his heat was approaching. Or sometimes, as now, alone in the morning - taking in the traces of the alpha’s scent and trying not to imagine a different life. He picked at the grass and smiled at the couple of discarded cores not yet completely devoured by critters. He wondered if he would be able to see bite marks in them if he looked closely, but had to push that thought away as well. All too easy to imagine those teeth taking purchase in his neck.

His sigh came out as a shudder. This wasn’t the life he’d imagined for himself, not the life his father had planned for him. King Florian had been killed only a day after he had told Char he would rewrite the law and allow the omega to inherit and become the king he knew he could be. Before he had chance to make the changes he had wished.

Char had wanted to make his father proud. He drew his knees up and rested his head forward on them, willing the tears not to come.

What could he do? Maybe if he could convince his alpha to help when he arrived? The thought of the distant alpha brought a tightness to his chest that was ever increasing. He had never wanted to be married off. In his grief he had allowed his uncle to convince him it was for the best. And now it was his sealed fate.

His thoughts were interrupted by a soft sound of grass rustling the other side of the tree. He looked over and saw his alpha sit, lean back against the other side of the tree. Not his alpha - he stifled a sigh.

Char lowered his head again, trying even harder to stop the tears that threatened to come. He freed one arm and slid his hand into the grass next to the tree - the side that faced away from the castle. He heard the grass rustle again.

He didn't need to look to know that the alpha's finger tips almost touched his own - just beyond each other's reach.

The Third Heat

Chapter Summary

Maybe there is more to this than sex alone?

Chapter Notes

Posting a bit earlier today as I have my first informal appointment at the gender identity clinic today and will be out of town most of the day. Wish me luck ♥

Char woke up feeling better than he had in the last few days. His temperature was down, the prickly feeling over his skin was gone – he felt sated. And immediately upon realising it meant that his heat was at an end, he felt sad. He closed his eyes and remained still. The alpha still had his arms wrapped around him and he wanted to savour that closeness until the man woke and silently left him, as he had the last two heats.

Almost ten months they had been in each other's company, and things had changed between them – for Char at least. The one-eyed man was still much of an enigma to him, his thoughts and feelings often caged within. Sometimes Char wondered if they felt the same, sometimes it seemed as though they did. Conveyed on a fleeting look or an almost-touch. But with no words between them, he would never know the deepest truths. And that was for the best.

He wouldn't have this alpha forever, only for as long as it took Njord to collect him. He reminded himself of that more and more often – every time he forgot it or wished against it. He reminded himself this was temporary, so not knowing the alpha’s thoughts and feelings didn't matter. Neither of their thoughts and feelings mattered. Regardless of what they were.

He wanted to linger. He pressed himself slightly into the alpha, not enough to wake him, but enough for his own comfort. It must have been more than he realised though as the alpha stirred and a strong arm snaked around him and pulled him close. Char had to stop himself letting out a contented sigh.

No one would know if he did. No one knew of anything that happened between him and the alpha in this bedchamber - other than the obvious. They would assume during his heats that the alpha was doing what he was paid to do. If there were more, something deeper, no one would know. No one would know if the alpha stayed a few hours longer than needed just to hold him. To lay there and scent each other, kiss tenderly and memorise the contours of each other’s naked forms before being parted from any private interaction another three months.

Char's breath hitched at the thought and he realised he was fast starting to look forward to his heats to have this time, not just knotting and satiating, but this. This time that would be over so very soon. As soon as the alpha woke and scented that his heat had passed and he was no longer required. He let out a shuddering breath then and the alpha nuzzled into his neck, a soft hand rubbing his belly and gentling him. He didn't dare let out the emotions that were roiling through him at realising the alpha was already awake.

He let out a strangled sort of cry when the alpha's hand moved to stroke along his side. A gentle caress that broke something inside him.

"What…" His question died on his lips, he didn't want to ask it anyway. He didn't want to break the spell of whatever this was. Instead he allowed himself to be turned in the alpha's arms. That one eye was looking at him intently as if seeking some truth. Char's heart started to beat fast, and his own gaze fell to the alpha's mouth - lips that had never touched his.

Before he could think better of it he pressed his lips to the alpha's sighing into them. As firm but gentle as he had imagined. Because he had imagined it over the months they had come to know each other in almost every way.

There was no hesitation as the alpha opened to him and returned the kiss with a restrained hunger.

Char's mind was racing as his cock filled and he felt slick ease between his thighs. He knew they shouldn't do this and yet he wanted nothing more in that moment. Not just in that moment - in the weeks and months that he had come to enjoy and crave the alpha's company outside of his heat.

He pulled back, the alpha chasing his lips for a moment before realising he was pulling away and looking down at him - concern and worry etched in his face.

"We shouldn't…" Char forced the words out on a breath. "I…" his protests wouldn't come, each one died in his throat. In their place other words forced their way out - "I want you." He sobbed after he spoke, terrified as much by his own feelings as the response they might bring.

The alpha let out a long sigh and smiled, his expression flooded with relief. He leaned in and softly took Char's lips again. Char smiled into the kiss, opening as he became aware of something he already knew - the alpha's tongue was little more than a remnant stub. It didn't matter as his own explored and drew a sound from the alpha that he knew was a moan.

To taste the alpha in this way was something new to him. Despite his own want to be filled again, to remember that feeling without the haze of his heat clouding them, he didn't want this to be about him. It was always about him, about his need and his satiating. His heat. But his heat was over.

He broke the kiss, panting as he pushed the alpha off and away until he was on his back on the bed. He looked confused at first and then smiled. A warm and tender thing and Char felt like it filled him with light.

Char kissed him again before letting his lips trail down the alpha's throat, ghosting over the flesh before allowing himself to bury his nose in the scent gland there. That drew a low rumble from the alpha's chest that seemed something between a laugh and a growl. Char's chest swelled at the response and he continued to kiss lower. His lips and hands working through the alpha's chest hair and over scars, reverently tracing along them with his tongue, drawing more incoherent sounds and hitched breaths from the alpha.

When he moved lower he grew a little hesitant. He had no idea how to please an alpha and he wanted to do so very desperately. He was tentative as he touched his tongue to the alpha's thick and swollen cock. It twitched against his mouth and instinctively he sucked the head in between his lips. He moaned as he tasted the alpha. Something that caused an immediate reaction as the alpha bucked up into his mouth.

Char took in all he was able of the alpha, working his tongue as best he could against the hard shaft that filled his mouth. The alpha panted and squirmed a little, his hands coming to Char's hair and carding through it gently. Char was encouraged and took the alpha as deep as he could before pulling back and swirling his tongue around the swollen head of his cock as beads of liquid pooled onto it.

The alpha's breathing became ragged then and he gently guided Char back until the alpha's hard cock dropped heavily from his mouth. The alpha shook his head as he stroked a hand down Char's cheek.

"Do I… disappoint you?" Char asked, confused. He thought the alpha had been enjoying it - was sure he had the evidence of that enjoyment in his mouth.

The alpha sighed and smiled, shaking his head again - his one eye full of something close to wonder. Char frowned and the alpha's hands moved to his shoulders and pulled him up so that they were chest to chest when he rolled them.

Before Char had even registered the change of position, the alpha was between his legs, hands gently guiding his thighs apart as his mouth nuzzled to the side of his cock, trailing down until he mouthed and sucked at Char's slick entrance. When he added fingers alongside his mouth, Char wondered what this might feel like had the alpha a tongue to use.

Char groaned long and deep as he melted into the bed beneath him. He felt boneless as the alpha tasted him this way for the first time. The intimacy was almost overwhelming. He had lost count of how many times he had enjoyed being knotted by the alpha and yet it had never occurred to him that there was a greater, more intimate pleasure they might have.

He was unsure how much time had passed, but he was painfully hard and writhing as the alpha took his hips in hand and canted them in order to press his mouth and fingers firmer and deeper. It was only as he cried out that Char slapped his hands over his mouth, knowing the alpha was drawing from him sounds different from those during his heat. He didn't know what might happen if they were discovered, he just knew he couldn't stand it if the alpha stopped.

He tried conveying that much, moaning through his fingers, and his point was clearly made as the alpha repeated the actions that had drawn the moan. One of Char's hands moved

involuntarily to his twitching cock, unsure if he wanted to relieve the ache there or calm it.

Before he had chance to decide, the alpha pulled back, crawling up him and pressing him down so that their bodies were flush together and his hand and cock both trapped between them and unable to move. The alpha canted his hips enough to move his own hand between them and guide their cocks together before moving the omega's hand to encircle them both, alongside his own.

Char whined as the alpha began to move their hands. The feel of their tunneled hands and the hardness of the alpha's cock against his own was almost overwhelming. He had thought they'd enjoyed plenty of sexual pleasure during his heats, but now he discovered these new and tantalising methods that there had been no employment of in their perfunctory heat sex.

Char keened and whined again as his pleasure drew close. "Alpha please… I want you." He knew his tone was desperate but the truth was that in that moment he needed the alpha inside him, to fill him, only him and spill deep within him, more than he had during any of his heats.

Maybe the alpha understood, perhaps even felt the same because he shifted and pushed inside Char before he had chance to even think. And with the alpha filling him in one firm thrust, thought of any kind was driven from him.

Unlike the hard fucking of his last two heats, the gentle alpha of the first had returned. But more so - this was not a gentleness born of concern over the handling of a virgin, this was something else. And as the alpha looked at him with raw emotion, he took his mouth again - soft and deep, a mirror of their mating. Char's chest ached as the alpha made love to him, and yet he hoped the man didn't see the tears in his eyes as he was blissfully knotted and lips brushed against his neck.

*

"We… I can't do this." The prince's words were firm and the alpha wondered how long he had ruminated on them.

For the two weeks after his last heat he found on several nights the omega had sought him out. Char had entered his chambers in the dead of night - breaking rules and traditions in doing so. Sometimes to lie with him as they scented each other, slept in each other's arms until dawn as an alpha and omega might. Only as the sun rose so did Char steal away once more. Sometimes they made love. Exploring each other's bodies and pleasures in a way they never had during his heats.

The alpha should care that this could cost him his job and likely his freedom, maybe his life, but somehow he didn't. The prince appeared to worry for the both of them, despite being the one to always initiate these moments. And the alpha just tried not to think on it. Tried to ignore why he was indulging this desire of the omega to chase his own pleasure. He could argue to himself that this could be part of his role - to educate the omega in this way would surely only serve to improve relations he might have with his betrothed. He didn't want to face the truth of an unchangeable situation.

When the prince found him in the orchard, uttered those words and walked away, the alpha felt a painful mix of despair and relief.

Post Heat

Chapter Summary

Happily ever after...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The alpha sat in the orchard and let the cool air fill his lungs. If he took in nothing but the scent of the fallen apples and fresh wind, perhaps he could ignore the fact that he could not scent the prince's heat.

For two days he had been in anticipation of it. It was due, he knew, and the signs should have started but they had not. There was another scent instead, something more mellow and less sweet, something that didn't arouse him but instead drove him to protect. Something that had, this last day, drawn his eye to the prince's stomach when he had cause to look upon him. There was a firmness there, slight and perhaps only noticed by someone looking intently - even with only one eye.

He had spent the day since ignoring it. Perhaps he was wrong, perhaps the heat would yet come tomorrow, or maybe a few days late. It was not unheard of. Because the possibility that the prince was pregnant was too unlikely to consider.

If the prince were pregnant it would mean an end to their arrangement. It might even mean an end to his life. It might mean an end to the baby or at the least its separation from Char once born. It could mean dishonour for the prince if his intended alpha were to discover the truth.

But what really made his breath catch in his throat as he tried to assault his senses in order to forget the situation - was that it meant the prince was in love with him.

He had convinced himself when the prince sought his company that he merely enjoyed his calming presence - the comfort he brought. He had never dared consider why. That it might be more than the reaction of an omega to an alpha. He had never lived fulltime around an omega so he had no real way to know. But this… he knew enough to know that an omega could only become pregnant if they were in love with the alpha - if in their heart they had chosen that alpha to be their protector - the protector and provider for their children.

In these lands of arranged marriages it was no wonder alphas and omegas were dying out when many couples remained barren or used beta surrogates with mixed results. The idea of fertile heats was almost little more than a tradition. The heats were more intense for the omega, and theoretically they had entered a time when an alpha was needed to sate them because their body drove them to reproduce. But without love that would never actually happen.

The alpha's heart beat so hard in his chest that it made breathing difficult. He had watched the prince all morning. He did not know, the alpha was sure. Char had no idea, and he wasn't sure there was a good way for him to discover it.

*

Char's thoughts were elsewhere as he walked the corridor, there was a consuming sadness he was unable to shake. He had just returned from a ride with his uncle - essentially an attempt at a pleasant jaunt to disguise a difficult meeting. Difficult for him at the least, for more reasons than he could process.

He had made some private enquiries and discovered the acts of his uncle to be much worse than he had feared. He remained silent and tried to hold onto the hope that once Njord arrived he would help deal with Edgar. But it was a hope hard to grasp when that was not the alpha he wanted.

The news that his uncle had just delivered, of his betrothed having sent word of being mere days away, was hard to think on when he knew it meant separation from the man he loved. The man he'd been deliberately distancing himself from, trying to ignore his own desire and instinct to be in his company in any way. For the past month they had barely interacted and it hurt him deeply but he knew he was doing what he must.

Char looked up when he heard a noise at the end of the corridor. He was surprised when the alpha looked at him so pointedly before entering the library. There was something in the look that told Char to follow. He was extraordinarily tired and needed to bathe but his heart drew him to the library. He had missed the alpha, truth be told, despite how hard he had tried to ignore his feelings. And so his feet moved him forward before he had chance to think on it.

He found the alpha in his usual place - where history and geography intersected. The involuntary smile Char always had for the alpha dropped when he looked at him - there seemed a mixture of longing and concern in his expression which Char tried to dismiss as nothing more than his own desire to think the alpha had missed him. *Does a cow miss the bull that services it?* He reminded himself of their arrangement in the starkest terms in order to remain resolute.

Perhaps the alpha saw that in his face, because he was frowning as though this didn't sit well with him. Another of his own desires, he was sure.

Char had wanted to say something funny or ask how he was - try for levity - but there was something strange with the alpha, such that it seemed not to be appropriate. The alpha had removed the small slate and a stick of chalk from his pocket and seemed to be agonising over the wording before finally turning the slate to reveal the smudged words -

"Do you know?"

Char frowned. He had no idea what it meant - he couldn't be referring to the arrival of Njord, the alpha would not have known of it if he had only just been informed himself. The alpha seemed to realise his confusion and let out a sigh just shy of exasperation. He stepped forward and closed most of the space between them, which almost had Char stepping back in

response. They were never so close when not in the bed chamber and given his recent resolve it felt even more inappropriate. He watched as a number of expressions seemed to shift across the alpha's countenance until he did something so unexpected it made Char gasp.

The alpha had never touched him outside of the bed chamber. It wouldn't be permitted, it would be considered deeply inappropriate. The alpha was nothing more than an object and should behave as nothing more. Knowing this didn't stop the gasp from almost turning to a moan as the alpha's hand rested on his hip and then slowly moved around to his lower belly. It lingered there, rubbing back and forth in the same way the alpha had gentled him in the past. But then he stopped and pressed gently against the little weight Char had gained in recent weeks.

He felt his face go red with embarrassment and he wanted to pull away. He had hoped no one had noticed, least of all the alpha. He had hoped more swimming might help shift the weight.

The alpha shook his head, rubbed the area again, pressed again. And Char felt the firmness of it against the alpha's hand. It *was* firm. A small swell, ever growing since…

Char clapped his hands over his mouth as his heart began to race. He shook his head - no, he didn't know. Hadn't known. Tears brimmed his eyes and blurred his vision. He should be afraid of what this meant. There were no possibilities that weren't dire, and yet. He placed his own hand over the alpha's and held it in place and let the tears roll down his face as he smiled.

The alpha, concern once writ large across his face, gave way to something else - something warm and happy. When the alpha returned his smile, something in Char clicked.

*

Char was in the alpha's room once more, sat at the end of his bed in the dead of night. He sat behind the omega, pulling him back against his chest - their feelings known to each other and understood - he felt free to nuzzle at the omega's neck and gently rub his belly. Oh how he wished to sink in his teeth and claim the prince.

"I am torn between desire and duty," Char said thoughtfully, sadly. "I want to run away with you, start a new life with you, with…" He placed his own hand over the alpha's. "But how can I desert the people of this kingdom to the will of my uncle?"

The alpha took in long and deep breath. He understood, but it wasn't that easy. And he knew Char was no fool, he knew that his pregnancy couldn't be hidden forever and once it was known it might mean terrible things for all of them.

In that moment he was resolved. This was *his* omega, his child, no matter what anyone else might think. He would protect them even if it cost him everything.

*

Char held back the tears, forced himself to, knowing that so much was at stake. With his hushed words and the alpha's soft kisses, they had said goodbye. And now he stood before

the court, beside his intended - meeting him for the first time at this marriage and coronation ceremony.
He would have to fake his anticipated heat - hot baths, sponging water over his skin to appear as sweat, good acting? Perhaps he could do it. He had to, he had to hide the pregnancy long enough that he might be able to pass it off as this alpha's child. The thought made him feel sick. Just as bad was the fact that he would have to pretend to have fallen immediately in love with the alpha for this to be believed. His chest ached.

He would not let himself cry. Never, not if it might cost the safety of his child. Of their child.

At least his scent was unfamiliar to Njord and so he wouldn't find it already amiss. He was suddenly thankful that the court was nothing more than betas.

Edgar raised his hands to hush the assembled crowd in the great hall of the castle. "Today you are here to witness the marriage of the heir and crowning of a king."

There was excited chatter in the room and Char stole a side on glance at his would-be alpha. He seemed unmoved by the jovial reaction of the court - stoic in response. He tried not to let himself dwell on how hard it might be to convince such a man of his ardent and false love.

The celebrant stepped to them but looked out at the court. Solemn and traditional words filled long minutes before ending with - "If any know why this historic occasion should not proceed, I ask that they speak now."

Char didn't pay attention to the required pause. He didn't look around in hope of seeing his one-eyed alpha. He just stood and waited for the ceremony to continue so he could marry, collect his crown and offer it to his husband. He could only hope he'd be able to convince him to replace Edgar with his own regent.

"I…" Edgar spoke, hand half raised and the affectation of hesitation, as though this were something difficult to deliver. Char narrowed his eyes on the man, wondering what he was playing at. He was marrying Char to a different kingdom - he had won. "I'm afraid I cannot keep silent. Out of respect for you, Prince Njord, for your traditions and the harmony of our kingdoms. I must deliver the sad truth that I have happened upon."

Char looked directly at him then. What was he doing? What did he mean? He had arranged the service alpha, he could not reveal that without incriminating himself -

Or so the prince thought until the doors opened and his alpha - the only one he wanted - was brought in, guards at his side and shackled at the wrists. Char couldn't help the sharp intake of breath but otherwise remained still.

"This… beast, was discovered to be in the service of the prince." That drew a few gasps and many murmurs from the crowd - especially Njord's entourage. "I am deeply and unreservedly ashamed to have to reveal my nephew in such a way, but this heinous act should not go unknown. It would sully both our kingdoms."

The moment of deathly silence was broken by a scandalised murmuring throughout the court. Char couldn't help his hands moving to his belly as he looked desperately at his alpha. The

one eyed man was almost unreadable but his body was taut and ready to act. Char knew any action either of them took at this stage might result in both their deaths. His eyes desperately swept the hall then for escape or an ally. They landed on the deep frown of Lucinda - aimed directly at his uncle. This fairy he might class as a friend but he had seen little of her since Edgar's new laws on magical folk. He was surprised even to see her in the crowd.

Char followed the gaze and the grin on his uncle's face turned his stomach. He had planned this. This had been his intent all along - to reveal this deception. To reveal that Char had been deflowered and sullied so that he was fit only to be cast down and leave Edgar as the unopposed ruler of the kingdom. It clearly hadn't been enough to marry him off, he had to ensure Char's complete downfall and his absolute power! A chill went through Char at the realisation.

Char looked back to the crowd and saw the often meddlesome fairy heading towards him. Before she could reach the stage Njord finally spoke - a low tone - "give me the truth of it omega."

"I...I…" he stumbled over the words and heard as much as saw the prince's guard draw their swords. Would they strike him and his alpha down right there and then?

"Damn! How would any alphas manage to rule without an omega to temper them?" Lucinda stomped up onto the platform and gave Char a meaningful look "and vice versa."

The whole room seemed to have frozen in anticipation, waiting for whatever would come next.

Lucinda looked between the two alphas, the omega and Edgar. "Now, it seems to me that at this point in the story we are due a happy ending, what say you Char?"

He nodded despite his frown. He was unsure what mischief she was making, but as long as she was making it nothing else was occurring. Her eyes narrowed on him then, and a kindly smile spread and he knew she knew. He realised his hands were at his belly and dropped them to his sides.

"Well! I believe there is some true love here at work, and there is no magic stronger than true love." She spoke to the crowd, as you might speak to a child. She turned and looked sharply at Edgar. "Fool that you are-"

She was cut off and Edgar's bemused smile dropped to something cruel - "Hold your tongue!" Edgar ordered and signalled his guards. They moved forward but then halted as Lucinda looked at them, daring any of them to touch a fairy.

She grinned and Char found himself smiling back. This fairy was notorious for her magic gone awry and giving the worst possible gifts, and yet, maybe that was just what this situation needed. Perhaps she thought so too because then she was at his side. She placed a hand over his stomach and he flushed, feeling his skin burn in his cheeks and knowing that this would give him away.

Before anyone could say or do anything Lucinda asked him - “What shall we give this beautiful little child today?”

A gasp went up through the crowd.

“What treachery is this!” Prince Njord demanded as he drew his own sword and levelled it at Edgar. “You bring me here to take this sullied omega from you?”

“No, no, I had no hand in this - I didn’t know he was allowing that beast to touch him.” Edgar objected and tried to direct the prince’s wrath to the one eyed alpha.

“This beast of an alpha who resides in your court, under the same roof as an unmated omega - is that not your concern or responsibility?” Njord’s words were cutting and Edgar paled at the flaw in his plan.

Char startled as Lucinda took his hand. “Ok, I have other places to be. I think it’s time for a resolution.” She moved her hand to his belly once more and looked thoughtful for a moment. Char felt nerves run through him hoping that this didn’t backfire in some heinous way but willing to take the risk considering the alternatives before them. Even so he watched his anxious alpha from the corner of his eye. “An early gift for this little one, because it is needed now - so I cast a spell of protection.”

“You vile little thing-” Edgar spat but was silenced with a glare from the fairy.

A tinkle of invisible bells heralded the magic and Char sobbed out a sigh at the thought of the baby being protected. He was about to thank her when a noise echoed through the hall -a choking and gasping, coming from his one eyed alpha.

*

The pain was crippling but he fought it, thinking of nothing more than protecting Char, protecting their child. He strained against his shackles and tried to move forward, catching the guards off balance enough to surge forward slightly, but before he could take advantage of that he doubled over and fell to the floor.

Kneeling, he spat blood, crippled with pain. He screamed - silent at first. But then a noise formed, a sound from his mouth. And then the pain stopped. As he panted he realised the difference in sound, the strange new sensations in his mouth.

Then sound filtered in from the rest of the room. He could hear Char and looked up.

“Alpha!” Char was trying to get to him but Njord’s guards took hold of him. He resolved to tear them all limb from limb for touching his omega.

“Char.” The word came up as a painful growl that burned his throat. He watched as the omega froze, bewilderment and joy warring in his expression.

He surged forward again and this time was able to throw off his captors, taking the shackles with him until he was at the steps, so close to his beloved. Because yes, that was undeniable for both of them whether Edgar, Njord or anyone else wanted it or not.

“Unhand him.” Again a painfully croaked growl was all he could manage but he recognised the voice as his own despite the years since he had heard it. Older, gruffer, but his own.

The guards looked to Njord for direction but the one eyed alpha snapped once more - “Do not wait on his order, heed mine - I am the sire of that child and that is my omega, you harm either and I assure you, you will die.” The words ended as a croak and his throat was dry from lack of use in this way, but the threat was clearly felt.

Njord pushed his way forward, past his guards as he gave them the nod to release Char. His eyes focused on him and he wondered if he might have a fight on his hands. He was no stranger to fighting of course, and would wager the brutality he had earned in slavery would be no match for this prince. And then Njord’s eyes narrowed - scrutinising him.

“Once I was raised with another, childhood friends and neighbours,” Njord began. “When our kingdoms went to war I believed he had died. But now I hear his voice and I know that I see him before me despite the scars he bears that would have hidden him from me. I know that he is a man now and a prince still.” Njord held out an arm to him and he hesitated, looking between the two princes in an effort to understand.

“I…” His words cracked again. “I don’t remember.”

“Nothing at all? Your name?” Njord asked.

The alpha thought to the scrawl he wrote over and over. “I remember… a word. But also, burning and death. I don’t know the alpha you speak of, less than a man grown when you last saw him.”

“I know him. I know you Odin, Prince of Valhalla.” Njord was grinning at him and offered the arm again. He took it. Gripped it. Allowed himself to be hauled up to the platform and embraced as a brother as his shackles chafed and jangled.

That was his name. That was the scrawl.

“Let me return to you your lands. Now I have found you my friend, let that feud die with our fathers.” Njord released him but the grin remained in place.

Odin shook his head. “I want no lands,” he replied, turning to Char, his shackles rattling as he took up the omega’s hands. “I just want my omega.”

Char’s breath was ragged and his eyes glistened with unspent tears. His gaze was adoring and full of love - “then have my lands,” Char smiled. The offer was a gesture, he knew that Char of all people knew that it was of no importance to him, only them, their family.

“No.” Edgar, forgotten behind Njord’s entourage, burst through red faced and glowering at them. “These lands are not yours to give *omega!*” Edgar spat the words at him. “I did not kill Florian to have some deposed lost prince take a crown he is not fit to wear. My crown!” He stabbed a finger at them.

Odin noticed how Char paled, how his jaw set. “You killed my father, your own brother.” It wasn’t a question, maybe on some level it made sense to Char, maybe he had known deep down. “How could you?” The omega snapped and moved to attack but Odin took hold of him. Pulling him close, comfort as much as restraint.

“Ah I see!” Lucinda had been all but forgotten when she made her exclamation. “The baby needs this alpha for protection. Well, that worked out better than it often does. Aren't I fabulous?” And then she was gone in a flurry of light and shimmering air.

All but Njord seemed surprised, he was too focused on Edgar to consider anything else. “Seize him,” he commanded his guard. They took hold of Edgar whilst Njord signalled for the shackles at Odin’s wrists to be released. As they were doing so Njord turned to the alpha.

“I relinquish all claims on this omega and his lands. This match is already made and bonded by love. My friend, if I had the magic I would restore all to you.”

Odin clenched his jaw, reminded of his appearance, how monstrous a prince he must seem. But then Char clutched at him as though he understood and might never let go. He looked down at the omega and knew that it didn't matter. Char didn't see his scars, his ruined face. That was all that mattered.

Chapter End Notes

So, one of the things with the movie Valhalla Rising is the interpretation that One Eye is actually Odin. I've made him a sort of fairytale version rather than godly version but... hopefully it works.

(Thanks everyone for the well-wishes. Clinic was ok. Big and scary stuff and life is complicated right now, so please know how much all the comments and kudos have meant to me this week. I'm so glad you're all enjoying this story ♥)

Consummation

Chapter Summary

The end.

Chapter Notes

NB: just in case you squick it - mpreg smut ahead.

Posting extra early today as I'm going to take a break. I'm not doing very well, life is pretty hard at the moment. Thanks everyone for reading this, I don't know if I'll be around much for a while ♥

Char thought he'd be nervous. He had been on his previously intended wedding day. But then, on that day he was having to marry an alpha who was a stranger to him, rather than the alpha he loved.

But today he wasn't nervous, or scared or anxious in any way. He couldn't be. Not knowing Odin and their life together awaited him. He floated through preparations, had to be held back a couple of times when he started towards the ceremony early, in his eagerness to get there.

His uncle had been banished, magical creatures had returned and his alpha had left with Njord, back to the kingdom he had once called home. He had gone in order to prepare for this day – to reclaim the title of the lands there even if not the lands themselves. Char was glad of it, the chance it afforded Odin to discover his own history as he had tried so often to do hidden away in the library. But the months had felt never-ending, and after four whole of them together, Char was eager to see his alpha again.

Char smoothed down the blue crushed velvet he wore – tailored around his ever growing bump. As his hand ran over his stomach he felt an answering kick and smiled. "Not long now, we'll be a family." Another kick made the smile wider.

"Your Highness, it is time."

And then, in that moment, Char was nervous – a swirl of butterflies within him at the thought of seeing Odin, and more – of being married and crowned, and later being mated and bonded. Perhaps not nerves, but anxious eagerness for this reunion.

The ceremony was not quick.

Char was sure he could hear the clock ticking at the back of the court. The marriage came first, finally permitting them to stand side by side and little else. And then the coronation. Char had wondered at the practicalities and found himself trying to manoeuvre on and off the throne, first to be crowned and then to offer both crown and throne to his husband. Odin sat, as was right but then stopped Char from kneeling in front of him as was the usual tradition when the heir was omega. The alpha shook his head and stood again so that neither were seated on the throne but stood side by side once more. Char smiled at his husband, knowing his father would have approved. The court certainly did and there were raucous cheers as the ceremony drew to a close.

The ball followed, and for much of it they were parted to receive well wishers and dignitaries. They had only the chance to hold hands before that and Char couldn't help but gaze longingly at the well groomed alpha who seemed to have an aloof charm that was captivating everyone.

Although he could see Odin talking, it was still a strangeness when they finally came together for their first dance, and soft words were spoken against his cheek - “I’ve missed you.”

Char sighed at the words and then laughed as the alpha tried to pull him closer but was inhibited by the bump between them. He took hold of Odin’s hand and moved it to his rounded belly, running it over the blue velvet as they swayed to the music.

There was a kick then and Char smiled at Odin’s wide and excited grin. “Your child is looking forward to meeting you.”

Char’s heart swelled and he knew nothing could be so perfect as this moment.

*

When he had first seen his omega - now almost seven months round with child - Odin’s jaw had clenched and it was all he could do to bear the ceremony and the ball without claiming the omega there and then.

Had they bonded before he left, he knew he would have been unable to go, though it was not much easier. Knowing his omega was out there, heavy with his child, and not being with him had been a greater pain than any he had faced in the cage or a fight. It had only been the means to the end - becoming once more a prince in order to marry Char - that had driven him. And now they were reunited and an evening of doing no more than hold hands or dance, had been vexing.

Char pushed open the door and let him walk inside first. Odin took in the room - their shared bedchamber from now on - a royal suite even beyond the one Char had had before. There were doors on one side and Char pointed at them after he entered and shut the door behind them -

“A bathroom for us, a wardrobe, and that one-” he pointed at the door marked with delicate song bird decal- “is the nursery. There is an adjoining room the other side for the nanny, but I wanted us to all be close.”

Odin turned and smiled. Char had been equally busy in his absence it would seem.

“I’m sorry not to have been here to help with-” Odin’s words were swallowed by the hungry kiss Char pulled him into. He opened to the omega and enjoyed the new and almost overwhelming sensation of their tongues sliding together. Char responded with a moan and sucked Odin’s tongue into his mouth before easing off.

The omega was flushed and panting, eyes sparkling and thoughts clearly racing through his head - which he revealed with the words - “I want your tongue on me, alpha.”

Char was already pulling off his own clothing, and Odin growled as he followed suit. He was down to his undergarments when he stopped - breath catching in his throat as he gazed upon his naked pregnant omega.

“I am yours, alpha,” Char said gently as he moved to the bed and crawled onto it. “I need you to make me yours.” He moved so that he was looking at Odin over his shoulder, positioning himself to present. The alpha followed every movement, every soft curve, with his one good eye.

Odin let out a shuddering breath and surged forward with no thought other than to do as asked. He moved to the bed, loosening and pulling off his remaining clothes so that he could position himself naked behind his omega. The scent of arousal and slick was intoxicating, and even if he hadn’t been asked, he would have been unable to stop his next action - which was to spread Char’s cheeks with gentle hands and lower his mouth to him.

Char moaned and dropped his head to the bed as Odin swirled his tongue over and around his slicked entrance - tasting him completely when his tongue finally slid inside. Char cried out and shuddered, his muscles clenching around the tongue as it worked him, until the omega was whimpering and suddenly went pliant.

“I… I’m sorry… I…” he giggled into the pillow and Odin moved back, a gentle hand stroking the base of Char’s back. “That may have been building up for a while.” The young prince looked over his shoulder - flushed from the exertion or embarrassed by peaking so unexpectedly.

“I can’t pretend to be unhappy that my tongue is enough for you to reach such pleasure,” Odin laughed. “And I think we both already know that this is not the end of our evening.

He pulled Char back to him, hands on his hips guiding the omega to sit back in his lap. He nuzzled at Char’s neck as he stroked his hands over the firm and rounded belly.

“You are so beautiful like this,” he murmured against soft skin.

Char sighed softly and wriggled against him, pushing down on his hard cock. “Knot me, my love, claim me…” his words trailed as Odin grazed his teeth over the omega’s neck.

He coaxed Char up onto his knees and adjusted himself slightly so that the omega lowered back down onto his hard and leaking cock. They both moaned as they joined together and

Odin let one hand trail down from Char's belly to his sex, finding it already starting to stir once more.

Char groaned and his head fell back onto Odin's shoulder. "Alpha." He blissfully breathed the word. Odin rumbled, deep in his throat, drawing a purr from the omega as his hands both returned to the swollen belly - full of the evidence of his virility but also of their love. It made his cock twitch within Char and the omega moaned.

The alpha moved them forward, easing Char onto pillows as he draped himself over his back, before starting a slow and easy pace. Savouring being within once more, no command or pretence - but because they both wished it.

Char moaned under him. "So… full with you inside me." The omega breathed the words out and Odin bit down on his lip, stopping himself from fucking hard into the omega, taking them both quickly to the edge. He slid his hands around to Char's swollen belly, stroking it gently. When he let one hand slip to Char's once more leaking cock, the omega gasped.

"Oh… please knot me. I need you," the prince whined and Odin fought again to keep control. They had at once all the time in the world and none at all.

And then he felt the omega's legs shaking where he knelt. He pulled them both up and back again so that Char sat in his lap once more.

"Perhaps you should rest? We have time to-"

Char cut him off, with a firm "no!" he pulled forward and off Odin's cock, settling on the bed before the alpha, facing him with a stern expression. "I will not wait any longer."

Odin found a smile at that and let out a low laugh. "You have resumed petulance in my absence." He raised a brow in the manner he always had when he had been mute.

Char looked for a moment like he might bluster at that but instead he grew a cheeky grin.

"Am I not allowed to have missed my alpha?" Char's reply was playful. "Though perhaps I will like you less now that you speak."

"Hmmf. Because I can admonish you with more than a raised brow now?"

Char laughed at that raised brow, chuckling softly as he raised a suggestive one of his own - "Why admonish me, when we know you can put your tongue to much better uses."

Odin rolled his eyes but reached for the omega all the same. Char was surprisingly fast given his size, and he slipped from his grasp before taking hold of Odin's hand and tugging him forward. The alpha went easily - reminded of that first time that Char had not been in heat and had wanted to please him. With eager hands he found himself brought down and maneuvered onto his back. It was only when the omega overbalanced as he moved to straddle him, that Odin held out an arm for support.

Char took it but gave a look of something like admonishment of his own. "Don't think I am a weak and feeble thing, if anything I am stronger than before you left. I have been ruling this

kingdom for all intents and purposes whilst waiting for your return. I'm not sure I will give up the power." His tone was mock petulance.

"I would not ask you to. What do I know of anything but fighting and loving? I need you to share the power. Guide me."

"I will share everything." Char smiled softly, his voice suddenly breathy.

Now straddling the alpha's hips, Char leaned forward and their lips met softly once more. A slow exploration as their cocks rubbed together.

After a few minutes Char pulled back, sitting back and stretching out - the position having clearly been a little uncomfortable with the bump in front. Odin took the opportunity to grab hold of Char's hips and drag him forward so that he only had to lean forward a little to place soft kisses on the omega's belly. He laced them lightly across the smooth skin before angling Char's hips a little more and taking him into his mouth. Char groaned as Odin sucked on the head of his cock, hands splayed gently across the rounded and firm belly. The moan deepened to a groan when Odin explored - probing the slit of Char's cock with his tongue.

"You'll have me spilling again before you even knot me," Char panted.

Odin hummed his approval and Char strained in his mouth in response. Another groan and the omega pulled back, his desperation coming off him in waves. He moved himself back as gracefully as he could, reaching and lifting and finally sinking down onto Odin's hard and swollen cock.

He grabbed Char's hips and held him still for a moment, worried that the sight alone of his beautiful pregnant omega atop him, would be enough to have him peak. Char seemed to understand and was mildly amused, calming his want a little. Or so Odin thought, until the omega began to move and his fingertips lost purchase.

Odin felt winded and Char began to fuck himself on his cock.

"You won't… unggg… ever leave us again… uhhh." Char forced the words out.

"Never," Odin growled in response and took hold of Char's hips once more, fucking up into him with abandon. His knot was already starting to swell slightly but he only needed to last as long as it took to knot the omega - to seal them together with knot and teeth.

"Oh gods...!" Char was barely able to fight the words out and he looked like he might pass out at any moment. "The… pressure… oh… uggghhh." He just huffed out the words as he tried grasping at Odin's hands on his hips in order to have something to hold on to.

It was only a matter of a couple more thrusts before Odin was flush inside the omega - knot expanding rapidly within him. Char cried out and fell forward, hands digging into the scarred meat of the alpha's chest.

"Oh… ughhhh…. it's so… too much… oh gods. So tight." Char's face was a contortion of pleasure and pain as he suddenly came, hot and plentiful over Odin's chest and face. He cried

out again as he did so, before near shouting “alpha, please…”

Odin reached up and snaked a firm hand around Char’s neck, bringing him down and rolling them as he went - supporting with his other hand. They ended tied on their sides facing each other, Odin pulling Char’s neck easily to his teeth as his knot inflated fully and Char spasmed as another orgasm ripped through him. His hands went to his belly and he exposed his neck fully until Odin’s teeth were on flesh. The ripples of the second orgasm still squeezed around him and as he sunk in his teeth he came harder than he ever had before.

His seed might be pointlessly filling his omega, but with the pregnancy hormones allowing as much for them to make this bond as heat hormones did, it didn’t matter. He rode the waves of their joined pleasure regardless, enjoying the taste of blood in his mouth for the first time in his life.

*

Char ached.

After the excitement, the long day and the sexual exertion, he couldn’t even remember them coming apart. Only waking with the alpha spooned against his back, hand wrapped around his belly, his body aching and neck sore. His middle felt tense - the orgasms that had ripped through him thanks to the glorious pressure exerted on his pleasure nub had caused contractions that lasted for several minutes after. He might have been concerned had he not already been pulled aside by a well-wishing maid to explain the nuances of pregnant sex, on the eve of the alpha’s return.

He reached a hand to cover the hot and already healing bite mark. Finally.

Finally they were mated and bonded as they should be. Perhaps it had been fate, or perhaps this was as inevitable between an alpha and omega as the fairy tales made out. It was of little consequence now.

They were one. They would rule together, command the entire kingdom and make it great.

As Odin stirred behind him, in every sense of the word, Char couldn’t help a smile. Ruling could wait a little while longer - they had lost time to make up for.

“I love you” he all but whispered, arms tightening around him in response he received a gruffly rumbled reply-

“I love you, my prince.”

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!